

Fly Time

Is here. Now is the time to repair your screens and stock up on swatters. See our line.

We can also supply your wants in Farm Implements, well casing, tanks and well supplies.

Our grocery department invites your inspection.

The Kenna Lumber Co.

AT THE OWL

By SHERWOOD GRANT.

Winnie stepped out on the broad, old-fashioned porch and looked at the house that was to bring them all plenty of ready cash, if not a fortune. It was all they had left that seemed tangible. They had been left to the care of an uncle after their parents' death, and only the house up at Medbury remained after the passing of Uncle George.

Georgia, named for her uncle hopefully, had fixed on the solution. They were on the post road. They would turn the old house into the coziest of tearooms, a sort of inn of happiness, and, since an old owl appeared to be its sole tenant, they caught the bird, stuffed it after it had given up the ghost, and bestowed its name and symbol on the new venture for luck.

"I think I hear a car," Winnie's head was raised in expectancy. The car came into view, turned into the drive under the two big elms and drew up before the porch steps. Two young men sprang out. They seemed worried and excited.

"How do you do, ladies?" one said, raising his cap. "We've had an accident. Would it be possible for us to get shelter here and some sort of medical help?"

Alice rose to the emergency at once. "Bring your friend right in," she called, and led the way into the sitting room across the hall, where it was quiet.

"We were making up time on that last stretch of road," explained Madison King, the car's owner. "My friends are visiting me over at King's Rest, my mother's place. We struck a fallen tree the lightning must have hit, just below the gully, and it tipped the car nearly over and hung Tom out. Could I phone my mother, too, from here, please?"

"Well, of all things," ejaculated Winnie, in a deep, cautious whisper out in the kitchen. King's Rest was the one place of interest around Medbury.

Paul Lampton was the third in the party. Georgia told the other girls he was a well-known writer. The doctor rode over from the village and at once began his examination of Tom Bowen, a cousin of the Kings. Just as he emerged with a favorable diagnosis, Mrs. King's handsome dark blue limousine turned into the little driveway. The Owl was very busy apparently.

"He can't be moved for a week anyway, but he's all right," the doctor said, briskly. "The girls will look after him, I know, Mrs. King. I'll send a nurse."

"I haven't been here in years," said Mrs. King; "not since before my marriage. Perhaps you do not know that I was your mother's maid of honor at her marriage here? I was very fond of her. This one seems to have her eyes and voice, but you have her manner."

Georgia flushed happily, and Winnie was all aglow.

"Maybe we have, but I assure you, Mrs. King, Alice has her sweet disposition," Georgia said radiantly.

It was a wonderful week that followed. Tom recovered with suspicious slowness, the nurse declared. He fairly luxuriated in his dainty meals and the attention of the three hostesses. Madison and Lampton rode over daily with flowers and books, all manner of things, supposedly for the invalid, but some way they remained out in the sitting room for the girls to enjoy.

As soon as he was able to be moved there came a check from his father that the girls eyed doubtfully.

"I think," said Winnie judiciously, "that we should be altruistic in this. He was our guest. Can't the Owl afford a private guest, girls?"

It appeared that the Owl could. The check was returned with the sweetest of notes, and Colonel Bowen came down in person from Boston to meet the three Graces who disdained more pelf, as he put it. There ensued such a series of motor parties and visits up at King's Rest that the girls declared the Owl would need a guardian if they did not give up such frivolity and attend to business. But the autumn days slipped away, into the early winter and Mrs. King took them under her wing completely. Madison and Winnie found many errands back and forth to attend to for her, and Tom declared that he'd never get well unless he could have Alice to keep an eye on his diet.

Her sisters announced their engagement almost in the same breath one day up at King's Rest, but Georgia was oddly silent.

Lampton had departed for New York the previous week. Somehow the other girls felt that Georgia, temperamental, whimsical Georgia, had

lost her hold on romance.

One day the three girls were returning from King's Rest. As they approached the Owl tearoom they found a man sitting on the steps reading a newspaper.

"It's Paul Lampton," cried Winnie. "Why, the idea!"

"Oh, Georgia," whispered Alice, "I almost hated our happiness when you seemed left out, don't you know, dear?"

"You needn't," laughed Georgia. "I've felt guilty because Paul and I went away one day, a month ago, and were married. We've got to ask your forgiveness."

"Well, I thought the owl was Minerva's bird," said Winnie, "but it appears to be Cupid's pet dove."

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FARM ANIMALS

FEEDING POTATOES TO HOGS

Fed to Best Advantage When Cooked or Steamed and Mixed With Various Other Feeds.

On account of the low price of potatoes in many sections farmers have been seeking information as to the possibility of feeding them to hogs.

Many experiments have been conducted in Germany and other foreign countries as well as a few in the United States to determine the value of potatoes as feed for swine. In Ireland and Germany farmers feed large quantities of potatoes annually. From experimental data it has been concluded that 4 to 4½ bushels of potatoes when cooked are equal to about 6½ bushels of corn for putting gains on hogs. Therefore, if corn is worth 80 cents a bushel, potatoes when fed to hogs would be worth only 18 or 20 cents a bushel. There may, however, be instances where it would be more advantageous for the farmer to feed to hogs right on his own place at least part of his crop rather than to haul these potatoes to an already overloaded market.

According to the consensus of opinion, potatoes are fed to the best advantage when cooked or steamed and mixed with other feeds. Experiments in which raw potatoes were fed alone have been reported. In certain instances the raw potatoes are said to have caused scours. However, raw potatoes in small quantities and in a diet lacking succulence may be conducive to health in pigs.

In cooking potatoes only enough water should be used to make a mealy mash and prevent burning. The resultant meal should then be mixed with corn meal or other grain supplement. Tankage, skim milk, or meat meal would probably add to the profit of the mixture. Potatoes when prepared in the manner described and under the conditions mentioned can often be fed to pigs with advantage.

SUPPLYING WATER TO SWINE

One of Difficult Problems Hog Raisers Must Solve in Winter—Tank Heaters Are Best.

It is true that hogs, especially pigs, do not get as much water as they need during cold, freezing weather. The water should be heated in cold weather to at least 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is better if it is heated to 70 or 80 degrees. How to heat the water and keep it warm is one of the difficult problems hog raisers have to solve in winter.

Some folks water the hogs several times during the day and pour all the water that is left out of the troughs as soon as the hogs drink.

Others have arranged various devices in which they can use tank heaters. This is the most convenient and satisfactory way if a large number of hogs can be watered at one place. The method to use will have to be determined by local conditions.

Hogs do not thrive or make good gains when ice water is given them in troughs that already are half filled with ice.

IMPROVING THE FARM HORSE

Up to Owners of Breeding Stock to Breed to Best Sires in Their Locality—Discard Scrubs.

Improvement in the horse stock of this country has never been offered greater opportunities than now. The surplus of common horses, fit for use, have been bought and shipped out, leaving the best and the poorest in

quality. Horse owners have had the opportunity to sell those they did not care to keep for use on the farm. It is now up to the owners of breeding stock to breed to the best sires in



Serviceable on Any Farm.

their locality. There can be no excuse for breeding to any but the best purebred horses from now on, and the worthless old scrubs that are not now fit to sell will soon all be wiped off the earth and a new condition of horse quality should and will prevail. Owners of breeding stock must aim to breed for the highest priced animal, the most serviceable to satisfy the demands for horse power.

Fresh Water for Hogs.

Hogs should have plenty of fresh water at all times, but it is always best to have this furnished from a well or spring on your own farm, for if they have access to streams that run through other farms before reaching yours, there is great danger of disease being carried down this stream to your hogs.

War is worse than a political campaign which makes everybody unhappy. It is known when, if not how, a political campaign will end.

It would be a lot easier to work up intense excitement over these grave international crises if they had not happened so often before.

California has warned the unemployed to stay away from there. Evidently, then, Californians need something to eat besides the climate.

Every time the war correspondents in Europe have a dull day they fall back on that "battle in the North sea" and "loud cannonading heard."

An actress is suing an insurance company to obtain a policy on her hair. The company's defense, we presume, is that the hair is already dyed.

Many a girl who finds consolation in the thought that beauty's only skin deep keeps on hopefully searching for a dermatologist that knows his business.

What we need worse than a law making "America" the national anthem is stern legislation that will enforce the proper tune among those who try to sing it.

The average mother knows that her fellow mother next door regards her own baby as prettier and better bred than hers, but she can never understand why.

The Toledo Blade says there is not as much singing in the Ohio saloons as there used to be. Where, then, do the men gratify their yearning to sing "The Old Oaken Bucket?"

The dear little daughter can put one arm around her daddy's neck and the other hand in his pocket at the same time and get his roll. Mother has to wait until he is asleep and become a pickpocket.

The American farmer, engaged in feeding the world, does good to himself and others and harms no one. As the Oklahoma Oklahoman puts it, "How much better it is to shell corn than trenches!"

"What will be the great discovery of the twentieth century?" asks a writer in the Scientific American. The great discovery, if made at all, will be a two-headed, freckled-faced boy or nine summers who loves castor oil or his pancakes.

One good thing about skunk farming is that if you forget to lock the door it doesn't make as much difference as in poultry raising.

Now a bomb to wreck submarines from aeroplanes has been invented. And so the expression of human love for its kind goes merrily on.

It having been ascertained that Benjamin Franklin invented the electric pushbutton, it is feared he'd never get the office-boy vote for anything.

For the Voter's Consideration.

Mr. Voter and Taxpayer:

I submit to you my candidacy for the office of District Attorney and ask the following consideration:

I ask you to take into consideration that I have been a resident of New Mexico ever since 1897, and engaged in the law business since 1906, and by reason of such residence and such connection with the law state that I am familiar with the people of New Mexico, the conditions therein, and reasonably understand the law.

Second, that I am a graduate in the law from the school of experience, having first begun the study of law in the office of Hon. W. W. Gatewood, later with the Hon. G. A. Richardson; and for the last six years, with the exception of two years of the time when I was the partner of Hon. O. O. Askren, have been by myself. That I have made good in the law, I refer you to the Cashier of any bank in the city of Roswell or the head of any business concern.

Third, that I am a friend of the workingman. I submit this to you on the proposition that I am now and have been for many years a honorary member of the Laborer's Protective Union of Roswell, this being affiliated with and a part of the American Federation of Labor, and this honor bestowed upon me by reason of the stand that I have taken for the laboring man.

It cost Chavez County \$55,892.64 to run its Criminal court for the years 1912 to and including 1915, not counting Judges' salary or incidental expense; and I say further that at the District Attorney's door lies a part of this great expense that is incurred in our courts, and I promise to remedy this by reduction to a large degree if elected to this office, and with a better enforcement of the law than we now have.

Thanking you for your vote and support, I remain

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) J. C. Gilbert.

The Kenna Record, 1 yr. \$1.00
The Sunday Roswell Star
1 yr. .50
Both papers one year for \$1.25

BOAZ NEWS.

The Boaz people will celebrate Easter with a basket dinner and an egg hunt, and every one is invited to attend.

Geo. Taylor was in town Monday representing the No-All extracts and Stru toilet supplies.

The Santa Fe R. R. has about one hundred Mexicans here to lay the steel rails on the track.

Mrs. A. L. Clawson and son Clifford went to Acme Saturday.

Kelley McCarter came in Sunday from Somerville, Tenn.

D. C. Savage brought his cattle up to his ranch north of town this week.

A rainfall of .81 inches last week put a good moisture in the ground to begin the spring planting.

Frank M. Bechler, candidate for county assessor was in town last week.

A Record Cow.

An average milk production of 80½ quarts a day for seven days is the record of a Holstein cow in the herd of A. D. Crile of Roswell. Aaggie Tehee Beets, four years, two months and 29 days at the time of freshing, has just finished her official test. In the seven days she gave 551.2 pounds of milk and butter-fat equal to 20.26 pounds, breaking the state record for all breeds on seven day test. Incidentally Aaggie now has her third calf although only a little more than four years old. During the twenty-four hours of March 31 she gave forty two quarts of milk and made butter-fat equal to 3.2 pounds. These tests are conducted under the strictest rules of the Holstein association and under the direct supervision of the state college, which had a representative at each milking.

The cow was milked four times each day and received the usual feeds of oats, corn, bran, oil meal, alfalfa and ensilage.

Mr. Crile also has three two-year old heifers on official test, one of which gave seven gallons of milk in one day. In his fine herd of registered Holsteins, Mr. Crile has six heifers in the A. R. O. American Blue Book,